

THE SOX ARE OFF FOR TRAINING—SPORT DOPE

This kind of weather will put a blight on the holdout crop.

President Comiskey and his White Sox family are rattling through Nebraska this afternoon, and by night will be inhaling Rocky Mountain air in the vicinity of Cheyenne.

Chick Mattick was picked up at 3 o'clock this morning, and George Johnson, the Indian heaver, climbed on the train at Omaha at 9 a. m. There was a reunion between Johnson and Gossett and Borton, who were with him last year on the St. Joe team.

Every man scheduled to leave last night reported by traintime. Capt. Harry Lord was the last arrival. The combination infielder-outfielder looked mighty good to Callahan, his condition being fine.

The entire squad of New York Yank pitchers, with the exception of Caldwell and Fisher, are in New York, ready to sail for Bermuda Saturday. Catchers Ed Sweeney and Sterrett will also leave with the first bunch.

Young Kurtz of Newark made Jack McCarren, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's \$50,000 middleweight, look like a Republican running for governor of Texas. McCarren showed a good punch, but couldn't land it. Kurtz rushed him off his feet.

Cubs Do Some Real Work.

Manager Evers put his Cubs through a real workout yesterday and at the finish of two hours' practice the men were willing to quit. Light batting practice opened the performance, and the

men wound up with a game of soccer football. The latter exercise was found to be a great loosener of stiff muscles.

No word has been heard from Richie or Schulte at the training camp and Manager Evers is some het up. He denied he had given the lurid pitcher permission to coach a college baseball team. Schulte's absence is another puzzle.

Jim Sheckard, also among the missing, is coaching an academy ball team in Florida, but will report at Tampa in a few days. He has been in training for several days and says he is in shape. Sheck is probably peeved by the efforts to trade him and the knowledge Murphy has slated him for a utility role if he remains with the Cubs.

We hope Jimmy Lavender is as good as the dopists on the ground declare. Last year was his first fling at big company and he made a promising start. But the Georgian must improve to be any great shakes as a big league pitcher. He started off with a loud report by trimming the Giants, and when McGraw said his team would "get to" Lavender later in the season the talk was hailed as a jealous screech. McGraw was right. Lavender was hit hard by the Giants toward the close of the year, and in at least two games we can remember, without the aid of a scorebook, was chased to the clubhouse.

In the city series the Sox treated him like a bunch of English